

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, March 28, 1896, with transcript

Letter from Mrs Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1331 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D.C. March 28, 1896. My dear Alec:

Many thanks for your telegram. I have missed your little notes the last two or three days, but have been hoping that a telegram would tell me that you were on your way hither. It seems a great while since you left me and I want you back. I want to see you and have you near me and to be a better wife to you than I have been. I do love you and wish that I helped you more.

Carrie Blatchford died yesterday. I have spoken lightly of her and perhaps the children think I don't care much but I do. I wish I had done more for her the last time I saw her two months ago. I might have done more. She was so gentle and so good and she had so little love and joy in her life, I wonder whether she has gone. Is she still living — somewhere? Is death an end of all existence a complete period to a thing that lived and moved and suffered and thought and was or is it merely a door that has closed behind an undressed soul that in another chamber finds new clothes and new duties?

Grace, Gypsey and I went to Baltimore today and saw Mamma. She seemed more feeble and exhausted than I expected and will not leave the hospital for another week. Papa and I go to Cambridge tomorrow to the funeral.

Mrs Kennan is still here, she leaves tomorrow. I have had a very good time with her although I have had to leave her so much for Mamma. Elsie is still here, she seems very well and bright, her whole soul intent on her party. I am letting her do most of the work and planning and she seems to have a very clear idea of what she wants. It is not easy

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not to attempt to do all the work myself as 2 usual but I know that it is her right to have the experience.

Daisy is well and as busy as possible with studies, bicycling, fencing, lawn tennis, cooking and I know not what else.

Good night it is late but I had to write you, Ever your own, —